N°. V. SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1803.

POLITICS.

THE British Parliament has resumed its sittings, at a period of peculiar difficulty and anxiety. As in the natural, so in the political body, there are cases of indisposition, where a disease, unimportant in its apparent operations, is, in its progress, more embarrassing to the physician, and ultimately more distressing to the patient, than one, the commencement of which was marked with the most violent attacks, and its crisis with the most alarming symptoms. If Great-Britain were at the present moment obliged to defend her rights with the sword, to protect sincere and meritorious allies abroad, or to repress the machinations of open or covert traitors at home; the energy, the liberality, and the wisdom of Parliament, would again, as on all former occasions, inspire and reward unlimited confidence. If Great-Britain had recently made peace with a frank and generous enemy, the frankness and generosity of the British character would, as usual, be advantageously

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displayed, and a British senate would maintain the well-earned character of the country, by establishing a wise, liberal, and conciliatory system of commerce and friendly intercourse.

The occupation of Parliament will now be widely different: the French Government insidiously maintains, in the early days of peace, the gloominess, the mistrustful air of defiance, the haughty tone of threatening, with all the arts of calumny, and all the efforts of irritation, which are the general characteristics of open war. This power haughtily tells us, that it is not for us to meddle with the European continent—this power openly employs machinations to restrain our trade, and diminish our credit—this power never conceals its envy at our prosperity, nor hesitates to propagate and diffuse every fiction by which our internal state may be rendered suspicious, our external relations insecure, our brave military and naval protectors the objects of reproach, and our mild and equitable social system the topic of buffoon raillery, or malignant sarcasm. Yet with all these acts of recent and daily malevolence in their memory, and forcibly impressed upon their observation, the members of the British senate may have to discuss, in some distinct form, a proposition from the French government for

employing a portion of the naval strength of the country, either military or commercial, in enabling France to achieve the desperate enterprize of regaining St. Domingo. The proposal, we confess, appears open to answers of laconic and indignant refusal. Is Great-Britain, it may be asked, to be excluded from the continent of Europe, and yet to employ her strength in the reduction of an island, which for extent, might almost be called a continent, in America; and that too for the very power which shews such decided hostility to her interests?

If the aid is to be warlike, are our sailors to be taught habitual cruelties; to wage a war of extermination; to conduct *Noyades;* to superintend stifling vessels; or to throw negroes, by thousands, bound hand and foot, into the sea? Will the fame of this country be augmented, if our sailors learn to repeat the jokes and *bon mots* of revolutionary Frenchmen; if the conquerors of the Nile, Camperdown, and Cape St. Vincent's learn to boast how many men they have *deported vertically?** Are our brave sailors to substitute poison for the sword; and instead of the

* This atrocious witticism was used by Carrier, in a dispatch to the National Convention, describing his manner of murdering priests in La Vendée.

bullet and the bayonet, to spread destruction by the fruit of the manchineal, or the juice of the cassava? Or if the demand of France should be for merchant ships only, to convey French troops to the West Indies, still the hostile disposition shewn by that country renders it a matter of serious consideration, how far it will be prudent to diminish our own resources for a sudden expedition, to aid France under such circumstances. Does she really want assistance from Great-Britain, or is the requisition only a device to husband her own strength and that of her allies, while, with indiscreet profusion, we squander ours in a barbarous enterprize? Where are the ships of Holland, so frequently vaunted during the war? Where the fleet of Spain, so long prevented from reaching the harbours of Britain, by an amicable detention in the ports of France? What has Gallic energy, industry, ingenuity, &c. &c. been doing during the peace, that no squadron can be found for the conveyance of a body of troops beyond sea, when no British armament waits to intercept its progress, or pursue its flight?

All these and many more objections may perhaps be answered by the short argument—it is the interest of Great-Britain to use every effort in preventing the establishment of a black republic. The assertion is in itself

doubtful; but granting it to be true, the interest of Spain and Holland is at least as obvious; and all the neutral powers of the two worlds could devote ships and men to the service of France, with greater apparent propriety than, in the present state of things, Great-Britain could furnish a single vessel, or supply a single man. Nothing short of *some very important political concessions* can, in our opinion, justify the measure, unless it be demonstrated, that the existence of our West India colonies really requires our interference. Pecuniary compensation (even supposing that the wealth or good faith of France gave us room to hope for it) is entirely out of the question; for no money could eventually indemnify us, considering the indispensable increase of our own military and naval force, which must attend the introduction of a large additional body of French troops into the West Indies.

Nothing which has yet transpired, can form the basis of an authentic opinion as to the manner in which this subject will meet the attention of Parliament; many others appear to be connected with it; and it is to be hoped that ministers will perceive the necessity of refusing any further acts of concession, till every topic of dispute is thoroughly adjusted, and even a supplementary treaty to that of

Amiens executed, if necessary. Our ministers, prudently adhering to the course of conciliation, are not therefore to be considered as weak, or deficient in sagacity. They must clearly discern the policy of France (which is exactly that of Jonathan Wild, in Fielding's biographical romance), to obtain as much as possible by concession, and then quarrel for the rest; and ministers having already perceived more craft than honesty in the exercise of this axiom, they will not, of course, incline to such a system as will expose them to delusion and ridicule.

The conduct of ministers, while it is rigidly pacific, is not blindly confiding: the public, if they do not cordially approve the terms of peace, love peace, and the whole nation is decidedly anti-gallican. Thus, whether moderate compliances or vigorous resistance be deemed necessary, they are sure, on giving good reasons, to meet firm and cordial support from the whole united empire of Great-Britain.

THE ESSAYIST.

If this paper should reach the capital of the French Republic, I beg leave to address the few following lines to my beloved country-

men, who are contemplating the splendors of that illustrious city, and contributing to its enjoyments by their elegant society.

Gentlemen Anglo-Parisians!

Though we cannot but regret the loss of your good company at home, where you were the ornaments of your nation, and the delight of your friends; yet the interest we must ever take in your gratifications, and the pride which swells our hearts, when every post resounds your praises, and reports the honour you reflect upon your country, have so reconciled us to your absence, that, although we at first lamented your going, we now no longer wish for your return.

We are vain enough to think our country has had some credit for its profuse munificence to the emigrating French, who certainly did not enrich our people, by the colonies of mendicants they sent amongst us. We have now returned the compliment which those noble visitors paid us, and the honour and happiness we derived from their partiality to our poor entertainment of them, by the handsome acknowledgments you have now had an opportunity to make of the infinite obligations we owe, and the unspeakable gratitude we bear to the mother country of those amiable strangers.

All France, and its incipient emperor, will

behold in you the penitent representatives of that nation, which alone had the audacity to oppose its universality of dominion. You, doubtless, will convince them how eager you were to embrace a peace, and quit a country, which none but their exiles would condescend to visit, except a few prisoners, who, there is good reason to believe, did not come here by choice. Thanks be to Providence, you do not go to them, as their refugees came to us, with empty pockets; for if you did not carry money, we should doubt if you would find meat, amongst a nation of philosophers; who, when they threw aside the restraints of religion, did not take up the encumbrances of humanity: and when you, Anglo-Parisians, have lived long enough under consular subjection to naturalize your hearts in consular principles, and have weaned yourselves, by a due term of absence, from any little prejudices (if any such you ever had) to your *natale solum*, I dare say you will come to receive or raise your rents, without any feeling for those who pay them, or those who were paid by you, and subsisted by their labour in your service.

What respect must it give you for the plunderers of Italy, when you contemplate the trophies they have amassed and the taste they have exhibited, in selecting the finest monu-

ments of art, both ancient and modern, and admitted you to the view of them, without the trouble of a tour to Rome and Florence! When you behold a man raised to the very acme of despotic power, by preaching liberty and equality to all men, and crowned by fortune with laurels, not only for victories which others gained for him, but even for victories others have gained over him; it must impress you with reverence for the *bona dea* of his idolatry, and, perhaps, in spite of all your English education, reconcile you to the leveling of characters, and abolition of establishments.

One of the most luminous politicians, and brightest geniuses of our nation, has drunk Helicon at its very source, and returned still more enlightened than he went. He paid his court, and bowed his honoured head to the Man-Mountain, who compressed the whole Encyclopædia into two small volumes, and put them in his pockets; or in other words, apportioned Europe into two families, and entertained them at his table. This great statesman would have taught us how to keep something we may call our own, by giving up every thing we have gained from others; but his doctrine was too refined, and his tenets were too philosophical, for the *shreds and patches* of a ministry (as a certain witty Lord

denominated them) whose heads could not comprehend the good advice he gave them. He was not so fastidious as to deny himself to the society of those gentlemen, whose services in this country were not so well considered by the Attorney General as they ought to have been; but of whose powers in conversation we can form some small estimate by the specimens they send over to us in the Argus. How it must cure an Englishman of all his national self-consequence, to be found in their company!

I understand the noble Earl C—d—y keeps a splendid table, and that none, who are known to have been eaters of human flesh, or drinkers of blood, are permitted to sit down at it.

Tantum! PUBLIUS SYRUS.

LETTER II.

Sir,

Before I enter upon my history, I feel it necessary to take notice of some errors respecting myself, which, having been sanctioned by great authority, are now become matters of general credence, not a little derogating from my dignity, and of course extremely prejudicial to that interest, which I am desirous of establishing in the public opinion.

Your inimitable Shakespeare, several of whose performances were written under my immediate inspiration, once took the liberty of introducing me, *in propria personâ*, to his courtly audience. I am willing to attribute the gross mistake, which he made respecting my form, to the then rude ſtate of the stage. As I sent you a striking portrait of myself in my last letter, you will perceive that nothing could have been more erroneous, than to present me as having a body, and arms, and legs. With none of these incumbrances am I pestered. My head, that is, my face, is the whole of my substance. But I would not have you imagine, that because I am less loaded than you mortals with corporeal cumbrance, I am a whit more deficient either in mental or corporeal activity. The supremacy which I have established over mankind sufficiently disproves the former; and as for the latter, however you may pride yourself on your legs, you would have no chance with me. My usual method of moving is to close my horns, and roll myself along like a hoop, or rather like a wood-louse; though I confess this method is attended with some inconvenience in rough roads. As to his representation of my dog and my lanthorn, I have nothing to object: but he was altogether deficient in doing justice to my bush.

This, indeed, has been particularly exposed to misrepresentation. In the northen part of your island, it is universally believed, that I was once an inhabitant of the terrestrial globe, whence I was banished to my present abode, for gathering sticks on a Sunday. Were the crime of sabbath breaking so punished, I should have little need now to visit the earth in quest of company: In spite of his Majesty's proclamation, and the Society for the Reformation of Manners, the Moon would long since have become the most populous planet of the two. A still grosser calumny than this has gained ground in the south of Europe, on the authority of a poet, whom of all earthly bards I most esteemed, of Dante himself, who was indebted to me for his most wonderful ideas. Can it be believed, that he asserted me to be the fratricide Cain, and that my bush was nothing better than the bundle of withered thorns, which he had collected for his sacrifice? It is no apology for him, that he put this assertion into the mouth of Virgil. That the latter, if he did say such a thing, must have spoken at random, will, I trust, be sufficiently evident to those, who consider how little acquaintance he had, either with the family of Adam, or with myself: no votary of the Muses having ever been more sober, or less moon-struck, than he was.

So much for what my bush is not. What it is you may form some idea of, when I tell you it is my great, I had almost said, my only treasure.—It is my shelter, my comfort, the repository of my dearest secrets. Could Mr. Herschel make a telescope strong enough to reach it, what would he say if he viewed it, not dry or withered like a bundle of thorns or sticks, but verdant, blooming, tall, and spreading like a cedar of Lebanus? What a figure would his report of it make in the learned transactions of my favourite society! How would my worthy friend the President exult in a discovery, which would stamp treble renown on his administration, and again raise his Society to, at least, a level with the National Institute? Among the other admirable properties of my bush, two are particularly noticeable. In the first place, it serves as my store-house or repository. Among its leaves, which no change of season ever affects, resides my inexhaustible stock of original fancies; there I keep those "*Somnia vaga*," of which Virgil once sung. The second property of my bush is no less important.—Like the trees of the Hesperides,

> "Tutto d'oro biondeggia, e al ricco peso
> Delle lucide frutte incurva i rami."

By the salutary virtue of these fruits has

my life been preserved, till the present period, in full health and vigour; and experience has taught me, that, deprived of them, I should quickly languish and die. I never eat any thing else, except a little game, which I occasionally catch when I go a hunting with my dog.

This puts me in mind of a shameful aspersion cast on my sobriety, in a song, written by one of my old friend Tom D'Urfey's school, and edited by episcopal authority, where it is most dogmatically and unpoetically asserted, that

> "The Man in the Moon he loves Claret,
> Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot;
> But a cup of good Malaga Sack
> Will fire the bush at his back."

Now, as both poet and editor were on good terms with me (for, otherwise, could the one have written or the other re-published such trash), I take it very ill at their hands, that they have thus misrepresented me; and that, instead of expatiating, as they ought to have done, on my sobriety, they have described me as a tavern bully, getting drunk and setting my lodgings on fire.

Nor are these the only complaints, which I have a right to make. As if misrepresentation were insufficient, contempt, forsooth, must be employed against me; I am to be made a bye

word of, and every blockhead is to use me as a cloak for his stupidity. When, for instance, any one, not conversant in allusions, wishes to confound his antagonist by an argument *ex impossibili*, he pertly tells him, "You may as well say the Moon is made of a green cheese." Nay, every ignorant booby thinks himself entitled to quote me on all occasions, as his foil, and to shelter his own insufficiency, under a common-place assumption of mine. Ask a fellow of this sort the simplest question, and he will reply, "I protest I know no more than the Man in the Moon." No more indeed! I should be glad to discover how much he would know. But it is enough to have noticed these vulgar errors, and to stop their progress.

Having thus vindicated myself and my bush, I will proceed, in my next, with a short sketch of my adventures.

In the mean time, I remain,
Your faithful friend,
THE MAN IN THE MOON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I take it somewhat amiss, that you should have hitherto so utterly neglected your duty

in supporting the honour of your family, which has been basely traduced; for, notwithstanding your assertions to the contrary, the PIC NICS of Tottenham-street, and those of Bond-street, are nearly allied. Their consanguinity is not only proved by a similarity of taste in their pursuits, but, also, by their individual efforts, so publicly manifested, to obtain the same desirable objects. I think, Sir, you ought, before now, to have noticed the disappointment experienced by Doctors C. and D. and Messrs. E. and G. from the frustration of those golden expectations held out to them by the oracles of the day. They loudly complain, and with reason, that the Morning Post and Chronicle have egregiously misled them. Not one single *accouchement*, or one solitary trial for Crim. Con. having, as yet, augmented the funds of those deserving gentlemen, through the medium of your cousin. Duke's place has resounded with the lamentations of its disappointed tribes, who have been equally deluded by the idolatrous *heathens*, looking in vain for annuities and mortgages from the profligate and ruined family of PIC NIC. But, seriously, it is no small triumph for me to find, that those *diviners* have at length discovered the PIC NIC club to be the very antithesis of what they foreboded; and that in lieu of all those mis-

chiefs which they *prophesied*, the very reverse has been produced, and its aim crowned with success. As a nursery for the drama, they confess it has already presented the public with two excellent performers:—Mr. Caulfield, late of the Guards, and the pretty and elegant Miss Norton, whose talents will render her an ornament of the BRITISH STAGE. There are other performers, also, natives of my soil, who may, perhaps, on some future day, adorn the meridian of Drury-lane or of Covent-Garden: nor can I learn, that the fears, as to the injury that the treasuries of the the public theatres might sustain, were well grounded. Drury-lane has openly boasted that the receipts of this season have exceeded those of the last, notwithstanding the absence of KEMBLE and the SIDDONS. Neither have the salaries of actors suffered any diminution; on the contrary, a general taste for theatricals has spread over the whole country; a circumstance which certainly resulted from me; nor can I withhold the applause due to my sagacity, which anticipated the happy circumstance. We have a right, my dear Coz, to indulge a little egotism, when all that results from us is *good*. With respect to *animal* feasting *â la Pic Nic*, no greater proof can be adduced of its excellence, than the enmity borne towards me by all the taverns and ordi-

dinaries in London and its vicinity. I fear, indeed, that I have bankrupted half the fashionable repast shops on the banks of the Thames, and despoiled the Richmond road taverns of almost all their profits, by putting it into the heads of our tonish navigators and curricleers, that cold fowls and pigeon pies are just as savoury costing little, as when charged enormously in a bill.—Thus, my good cousin, have I detailed to you the wrongs I have sustained, and the benefits I have conferred, which, for the honour of the family, you will doubtless lay before the public, if it be only to prevent a repetition of such injuries, as had almost befallen one of my warmest supporters. At a contested election for the county of H——, he nearly lost his seat in Parliament, through the scruples of a prejudiced, but worthy clergyman, who objected to vote for a member of my *diabolical* society.

I am, my dear Coz,

Yours faithfully,

Tottenham-street. ORIGINAL PIC NIC.

N. B. You will be sorry to hear, that like all other persons of original merit, I am, of late, sadly neglected.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Your determination not to admit any scandal into your columns, is, no doubt, very moral; but the avowal of your intention is not exactly what is likely to contribute to the circulation of your paper. Plain sense, nay, talents, genius, fancy, and wit, soon lose their attractions. So unhappily are the majority of us formed by habit, that sense unadorned quickly proves most powerfully soporific. Talents may, indeed, rouse the torpid intellect of others, by generating envy; genius may charm a few, who are capable of appreciating its merit; and fancy and wit may sometimes extort a smile of approbation from the most phlegmatic; but these effects are temporary, and pass away like the illusions and gay reveries of a delightful vision.

A French wit being asked how the opera at Paris might best be supported, answered, that the most probable means he knew of, was to lengthen the dances, and shorten the petticoats. His advice was adopted; and the French opera was ever afterwards well attended.

Now what transparency of drapery, shortness of petticoat, and luxury of situation, are

to an opera, the vivifying power of defamation is to a newspaper. The great like scandal from custom; the middle ranks of society, because they are pleased to hear any deterioration of the great; and the vulgar, because they are delighted to know any thing to the prejudice of all who are their superiors.

When you consider the numerous classes of people to whom malicious hints are peculiarly agreeable, I am sure you will agree with me, that the rise of them is an object of some importance to you. I will mention such of the persons as at present strike my recollection. First, the inhabitants of all those parts of the metropolis, that are not esteemed fashionable by the bon ton. Secondly, the society in country towns: with these, in fact, London slander, like most of the other fabrications of the capital, is in particular esteem. Thirdly, single men, who possess not the inestimable advantage of maiden aunts.

Perhaps you may think it difficult while you appear to stifle it, to propagate aspersion. Nothing is more easy; for you have only to say—"The public prints will, doubtless, shortly be filled with the unhappy differences which have arisen in the house of a noble Duke, Marquis, or Earl; but, although you cannot deny the circumstances having come

to your knowledge, you are resolved the Pic Nic shall never wound the feelings of those, who are already but too much afflicted by their domestic misfortunes." More is not necessary: your readers will be stimulated by the most intense curiosity, to discover who the noble Duke, Marquis, or Earl may be, to whom the paragraph alludes.

By this contrivance, your end will be completely answered; and while you gain a character for manliness and candour, you will furnish a delicious *morceau* for the amateurs of inuendos. You will even find them employment; for they will use no common industry to discover who are the objects of the report, as may be supposed, with the charitable hope of assuring themselves, that what has been related is void of foundation!

There is also another mode in which defamation may be circulated, and which will insure immortal honour to the author of the *Tirade*. It is thus:—"We are very happy to be able to contradict a rumour, which has unfortunately gained some credit, that the lady of a distinguished commoner has eloped with Colonel F. of the Guards. Nothing of the kind has taken place. We deplore the events that have injured the peace of the respectable family in question, but rejoice we are enabled to extract part of the venom from

the rancorous shaft of malignity." This method of writing scandal will at once establish your fame for philanthropy.

For occasional sallies, you may employ such as the following:—"It is not true, that a certain Viscount, who has ever made it his wish to weave a wreath of laurel with the myrtle of the gentle goddess, has domesticated a new mistress. The spells of Madame de ———, though light and elegant, are too strong, to be easily broken."

"The lovely Miss H. ——— still reigns supreme in grace and beauty. Time himself is unwilling to diminish the lustre of those eyes, before which all hearts have bent!"

N. B. This species of finesse is for the entertainment of the unmarried ladies, who were presented at court in the early part of the late war.

"Those who are acquainted with Colonel M———, must rejoice at the inquiry likely to be made into his conduct. No man fears to subject pure gold to the crucible."

"Notwithstanding the ill-natured comments of calumny, we are persuaded that the accounts of Mr. Commissary D——, will prove to the world the cruelty and injustice of prejudice."

"Sir Henry G——— is a Nestor in the art of pleasing. *Two generations* of Belles

have been fascinated with his *douceur*, and a *third* yet listens to him with admiration."

"Much illiberal remark has been made on a gentleman now high in office, because he was originally bred under an attorney. Had his fastidious detractors begun life in such a situation, they never would have emerged as he has done, from the *low* drudgery of its precincts."

Your own ingenuity will furnish you with a variety of these *bon bons;* and, therefore, I forbear to occupy your attention by multiplying unnecessary examples. E.

TO THE EDITOR.

Nunquam, nisi invitâ voluntate, ad accusandum descenderem.

Sir,

As your prospectus invites observations upon manners and opinions, I shall beg leave to offer you a thought or two on the application of satire, to an object which should never be treated with censure, but on some flagrant violation of its character, and after the most mature consideration—I mean the *pulpit.*—For though I do not assert, that it is so sacred as to render it an act of sacrilege for any one to lay his hand upon it, yet so much importance is attached to its duties, that some very

bold deviation from them can alone justify the application of sneering and snarling at those, whose awful functions are exercised in it.—I was, therefore, very much concerned to observe a considerable portion of that censorious spirit, in an *en passant* criticism on some of our most popular preachers, which forms part of an introduction to a translation of *Bossuet's* Funeral Orations, by *Mr. Jerningham.*

I have not the honour of knowing that gentleman, but as the author of a few occasional poems; and, therefore, I cannot account for the severity, and as it appears to me, the injustice, with which he has thought proper to treat the afternoon Lecturer of *St. George's, Hanover-square*; but from the poetic fervour of his mind, which rises so far into the æthereal regions, as to prevent him from giving a rational attention to the ordinary but essential concerns of life.

I am equally a stranger to the Rev. *Mr. Archer Thompson*, who is the subject of *Mr. Jerningham's* censure; and I have only heard of him as a popular preacher, who was elected to his very creditable lectureship from a sense of his professional merit.

The poet, it seems, and very much to his honour, goes occasionally to church, for there it was, and in the solemn act of preaching, that the reverend clergyman became the ob-

ject of his displeasure. Mr. Thompson, as I presume, in considering the most awful subject that can be offered to the attention of man—the certainty of death, and the due preparation for it, thought proper to recommend it as a duty to his audience, amid the exalted hopes of that world whither they were going, to pay a becoming attention to the concerns of that in which they at present sojourned; and, among the latter, he particularly urged (as many of our most distinguished divines had done before him) the general necessity, and in many situations, the incumbent duty of making that final arrangement of their affairs, which is produced by a last will and testament.

The poetic piety of Mr. Jerningham, who, I presume, was an auditor on the occasion, appears to have been scandalized by this sublunary incitement, as he remarks upon it with a mixture of gravity and sprightliness; and in a curious strain of disapproving vivacity, stigmatizes the preacher with the title of a *spiritual proctor*.

It is really very unfortunate for these Parnassian gentlemen, that when they once get beyond the pale of the Muses, they are so apt to lose themselves in the mazes of eccentricity or ignorance. The denomination, which Mr. Jerningham has applied to the preacher,

cannot be justified by any exertion of poetic license.—It is not fact—it is not allegory—it is not wit. The business of a proctor is not to make a will, but to prove it, when the testator is no more; and as well might any one, who recommends a sick person to consult a physician, be styled a doctor: with equal propriety should I be called a poet, because I counsel Mr. Jerningham to give up his sarcastic prose, and return to his gently-ambling muse.

I do not, however, mean to dwell upon this mere misapplication of a term, but offer a few observations on the false notion entertained of the preacher, and his doctrine.

A very moderate acquaintance with life, and its concerns, will enable us to discover, that as much importance, at least, should be attached to the manner in which property is distributed after death, as to the previous arrangement of it. The testamentary disposition of our possessions is as much connected with the principles of justice and benevolence, as any other general act of life. It has happened to me, who cannot boast of more than a common portion of human experience, to have witnessed numerous instances of the mischief which has proceeded from a neglect of making wills; or from their having been made in a spirit of resentment and injustice. I could very deeply interest the readers of this

paper with a catalogue of miseries that have arisen from, and the crimes which have been produced by, a neglect of that duty, whose recommendation from the pulpit converted the gentle poet into a severe commentator.

Every social duty is a legitimate subject of clerical animadversion. Virtue, and consequently, religion, has a claim upon every act of human conduct. On the authority of St. Paul, eating and drinking, the grosser sustenance of corporeal nature, may be subservient to holiness; and surely an act, on which the future happiness and virtue of our children and relatives may depend, must be considered as a proper and essential topic of spiritual instruction.

The prophet commanded Hezekiah *to set his house in order*, or, in other words, to put his affairs into the best possible state of regulation, as an act preparatory to his death. For it is as much a duty to provide for a right administration of what we leave, as of what we enjoy: and whoever looks a little into the history of successions, will perceive the happy consequences that result from a wise regulation of them.

I cannot, therefore, but very much applaud the preacher, who considered the making of wills as among the important duties of life; and, I trust, that he will not be deterred from

repeating the doctrine, by the flippant censure of those (and there are too many of them) who both speak and write without thought, without experience, and without knowledge.

PHILO-CLERICUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Sir,

There are various criterions, which the instructors of mankind have recommended, to promote a right judgment of human character and conduct, in all its varieties and modifications. The old proverb wisely declares,—"name me a man's acquaintance, and I will tell you his character:" the language of inspiration, also, proclaims—"by their fruits ye shall know them." These are rules, by whose observance men may be enabled to attain very correct opinions of each other. But, at the same time, they can be considered only as general principles, which require extention and subdivision, in order to involve the more minute discrimination of human actions.

It is not only against prejudice, or ignorance, or misrepresentation, we have to guard, in forming our opinions of men and things; but we are also to study the variation of language that prevails among the different classes

and professions which produce the principal distinctions in society. A *good* man, as an appropriate term of the Royal Exchange, has nothing to do with the virtues of the heart; but relates altogether to commercial integrity: when an alderman or common-council man says, that a man *lives well*, he applies the expression solely to eating and drinking: and the word patriot, in the dictionary of the democratic societies, represents only a character whose wish is to attack thrones, to overthrow constitutions, level distinctions, and introduce anarchy, bloodshed, massacre, rapine, despotism, and tyranny.

But tone, emphasis, and look, will sometimes change the meaning of words, and make them convey either a compliment or a sarcasm: the term *pretty fellow*, from the mouth of a lady and a cynic, conveys widely different meanings.

Now, from constant observation, I am more disposed to form my decisions from the *censure* than the *applause* of mankind; therefore, when I saw the propectus of your paper, I was contented with wishing you might be able to fulfil the many fair and well written promises which it contained. When I afterwards heard, that the PIC NIC was a very sensible, well executed production, I thought that I might, probably, become a subscriber; but when

the newspapers let loose their malignant flippancy against it: when I read in one of them, that it was a farrago of nonsense and stupidity; and was informed, that in other daily prints, which I never see, it was mentioned in terms of contempt and derision, I did not delay a moment to send my subscription. I am convinced, that a work, which was considered as *trifling* by the *Morning Post*, as *stupid* by the *Morning Chronicle*, and as an *imposition* by the *Times*, must possess the merit and ability, which I am glad to find, attached to it; and if you continue to serve up the same good sense, liberal observation, useful intelligence, and tasteful jeux E'sprit, as you have hitherto done, I shall wish that this literary entertainment of my Saturday evenings may be extended to other days of the week.

You have engaged in an undertaking, as it appears to me, of no common difficulty; but it is such an one, as, I trust, will be supported and advanced by all those who possess a sensibility to what is good and virtuous, and who feel it a duty to support the allegiance due to reason, good sense, and pure taste, in opposition to the seditious inroads which the daily papers have been, and are still, making into their territories, under the banners of folly, of nonsense, and of fashion.

The public, Sir, is, in my opinion, greatly indebted to you and your coadjutors, for a work, which, if continued as you have begun, and encouraged as it deserves, will prove a national good. At all events, the attempt must do you honour, and its success is the object of my best wishes; which will be occasionally accompanied by my humble communications, if you shall do me the honour to express a wish to receive them. VERAX.

TWO *LEGITIMATE* EPIGRAMS.

"JUSTIFICATION."

While lawyer BOUNCE with care attends the courts,
At home with BOUNCE's wife his Clerk disports;
And *this* he knows—but what excuse has he?
*Qui facit per alium, facit per se!**

* Reg. Ration.

THE LAWYER'S WIFE, OR THE MAXIM.

Wife loquitor.

"Most true it is you go astray,
And also true, that 'that's my way;'
Why call it wrong then—why this fuss?
Communis error facit jus."*

* 4 Inst. 240. OLD NICK.

EPITAPH.

'Tis not to tell what all, who knew her, know,
Her varied worth, whose ashes rest below:
'Tis not to raise a monumental fame,
A vain inscription, or an empty name:
'Tis not, in unavailing verse, to trace
The beaming feature, or the polish'd grace:
'Tis not to dry a weeping husband's tears,
That fond affection this pale marble rears;
But that her children, now too young to know
A parent's loss, or feel an orphan's woe;
When, years matur'd, they may be led to view
The monument of her they scarcely knew;
Shall read, with pious awe, this faithful stone,
And from a mother's virtues form their own. C.

LAURA PENITENT.

Again the sun-shine gilds my day,
Again my path is strew'd with flow'rs;
Bright Hope for me points out the way,
And Joy prepares his roseate bow'rs.

What though no marble shall relate
The griefs that brought me to the tomb;
For me shall guardian angels wait,
And paradise itself shall bloom!

How vain the joys which mortals prize,
No sooner known than past away!
Like colour'd clouds which paint the skies,
And glow awhile with transient day!

Titles and honours once were mine,
And blooming health and youthful grace:
Now on my cheek the roses pine,
Now grief has blanch'd my faded face.

Once did I shine among the great,
And once was number'd with the gay;
Now grandeur leaves me to my fate,
Nor knows, nor pities, my decay.

No anxious eye on mine attends,
Each rising wish to watch with care;
Ah whither now are fled those friends,
Who sought me young, who lov'd me fair!

Thus blooms the lily, priz'd by all,
While summer suns as yet prevail;
And how neglected does it fall
Before the rude and chilling gale.

No more it claims the virgin's care,
No more her fond protection proves,
No more the shepherd may compare
This fallen flow'r with her he loves.

Then ruthless on its faded form
The rain descends, the tempests blow:
None seek to save it from the storm;
None ask, what laid this flow'ret low?

That I so flourish'd, and so fell,
These tears, these sighs, these lines attest:
Thus much may pale repentance tell—
Hide, blushing Virtue, hide the rest.